

THE

Bishop of Hereford's Entertainment

BY

Robin Hood, and Little John, &c. in Merry Barnsdale.

To an Excellent New Tune.

*Note, As the Use of these Old Songs is very great, in respect that many Children never would have learn'd to Read, had they not took a Delight in poring over *Fane Shore*, or *Robin Hood*, &c. which has infinitely stole into them a Curiosity and Desire of Reading other the like Stories, till they have improv'd themselves more in a short time than perhaps they would have done in some Years at School: In order still to make them more useful, I premise to affix an *Introduction*, in which I shall point out what is Fact and what is Fiction in each Song; which will (as may be readily suppos'd) give not only Children, but Persons of more ripe Years, an Insight in the Reality, Intent and Design, as well as many times the Author and Time when such Song was made, which has not hitherto been explained.*



Having in some of my Introductions to the Ballads of Robin Hood, said as much of him as I thought could be depended upon, more perhaps than many will believe; I shall (without repeating any Part of his History) insert the following Song, which is one of those I made mention of in my Introduction to the Ballad of Robin Hood's rescuing Will. Stutely, &c. relating to a Trick put upon a Bishop. I will not affirm, that this Ballad is grounded upon Fact; but most of old Poets, who have chosen Robin Hood for their Hero, having made a standing Jest of a Bishop I take it for granted, that some one of other of their Stories must be true. And this Song being so far from containing any thing contradictory to Reason, I look upon the Action as entirely consistent with the Character deliver'd down to us of that famous Out-Law.

SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
and some of Barons bold;
But I'll tell you how he serv'd the Bishop of Hereford,
when he robbed him of his Gold.

And it befel in Merry Barnsdale,
and under the Green-Wood-Tree,
The Bishop of Hereford was to come by,
with all his Company.

Come kill me a Venison, said bold Robin Hood,
come kill me a good fat Deer;
The Bishop of Hereford's to dine with me To-day;
and he shall pay well for his Cheer.

We'll kill of the Venison, said bold Robin Hood,
and dress it by the Highway side;
And we'll watch the Bishop narrowly,
lest some other Way he should ride.

Robin Hood dress'd himself in Shepherd's Attire,
and six of his merry Men also;
And when the Bishop of Hereford came by,
then about the Fire they did go.

O what is the matter? said the Bishop,
or for whom do you make this ado?
Or why will you kill the King's Venison,
and your Company is so few?



We are Shepherds, said Robin Hood,
and we keep Sheep all the Year;
And we are disposed to be merry this Day,
and to kill of the King's fat Deer.

You are brave Fellows, said the Bishop,
and the King of your Doings shall know;
Therefore make haste and come along with me,
for before the King you shall go.

Pardon, O Pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
O Pardon, I thee pray;
For it becomes not your Lordship's Coat
to take so many Lives away.

No Pardon, no Pardon, said the Bishop,
no Pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste and come along with me,
for before the King you shall go.

Then Robin set his Back against a Tree,
and his Foot against a Thorn,
And from underneath his Shepherd's Coat
he pull'd out a Bugle-Horn.

He put the small End to his Mouth,
and a loud Blast he did blow,
Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's Men
came running all on a Row.

All making Obeysance to bold Robin Hood,
'Tis a comely Sight to see:
What is the matter, Master, said little John,
that you blew so hastily?

Here is the Bishop of Hereford,
and no Pardon we shall have:

Cut off his Head, Master, said Little John,
and throw him into his Grave.

O Pardon, O Pardon, said the Bishop,
O Pardon, I thee pray;
For if I had known that it had been you,
I'd have gone some other Way.

No Pardon, no Pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
no Pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste and come along with me,
for to Merry Barnsdale you shall go.

Then Robin he took the Bishop by the Hand,
and he led him to Merry Barnsdale;
He made him to stay and sup with him that Night,
and to drink Wine, Beer, and Ale.

Call a Reckoning, said the Bishop,
methinks it grows wondrous high:
Give me your Purse, Master, said Little John,
I'll tell you by and by.

Then little John took the Bishop's Cloack,
and he spread it on the Ground,
Then out of the Bishop's Portmanteau
he took three hundred Pounds.

Here's Money enough, Master, said Little John,
and a comely Sight 'tis to see;
It makes me in charity with the Bishop,
tho' he heartily loveth not me.

Robin Hood took the Bishop by the Hand,
and he caused the Musick to play;
He made the Bishop to dance in his Boots,
and glad he could get so away.

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